

*Pro.* And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:  
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,  
Especially against his very friend.

*Du.* Where your good word cannot aduantage him,  
Your slander neuer can endamage him;  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being intreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it  
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue loueto him:  
But say this weede her loue from *Valentine*,  
It followes not that she will loue fir *Thurio*.

*Th.* Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;  
Least it should rauell, and be good to none,  
You must prouide to bottome it on me:  
Which must be done, by praising me as much  
As you, in worth dispraise, fir *Valentine*.

*Du.* And *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,  
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)  
You are already loues firme votary,  
And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.  
Vpon this warrant, shall you haue access,  
Where you, with *Silvia*, may conferre at large.  
For she is lumpish, heavy, mellancholly,  
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;  
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,  
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can doe, I will effect:  
But you fir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough:  
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires  
By walefull Sonnets, whose compos'd Rimes  
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes.

*Du.* I much is the force of heaven-bred Poetic.

*Pro.* Say that vpon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:  
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares  
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,  
That may discover such integrity:  
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,  
Whose golden touch could soften Steele and stones;  
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuathians*  
Forake vnfounded deepes, to dance on Sands.  
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,  
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window  
With some sweet Comfort; To their Instruments  
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence  
Will well become such sweet complaining griuance:  
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

*Du.* This discipline, shoues thou hast bin in loue.

*Th.* And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise:  
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,  
Let vs into the City presently  
To fort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.  
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne  
To giue the on-fer to thy good aduise.

*Du.* About it Gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Du.* Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Valentine*, *Speed*, and certaine *Out-lawes*.

*1. Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.

*2. Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.  
*3. Out.* Stand fir, and throw vs that you haue about ye.  
If not: we'll make you fir, and rifle you.

*Sp.* Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines  
That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.

*Val.* My friends.

*1. Out.* That's not so, fir: we are your enemies.  
*2. Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.

*3. Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.  
*Val.* Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;

A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie:

My riches, are these poore habiliments,  
Of which, if you should here disfurish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I haue.

*2. Out.* Whether trauell you?

*Val.* To *Verona*.

*1. Out.* Whence came you?

*Val.* From *Milaine*.

*3. Out.* Haue you long sojourn'd there? (staid,  
*Val.* Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

*1. Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

*Val.* I was.

*2. Out.* For what offence?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse;  
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,  
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

*1. Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

*2. Out.* Haue you the Tongues?

*Val.* My youthfull traualle, therein made me happy,  
Or else I often had bene often miserable.

*3. Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hood's* fat Fryer,  
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

*1. Out.* We'll haue him; Sirs, a word.

*Sp.* Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theuery.

*Val.* Peace villaine.

*2. Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

*3. Out.* Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,

Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awfull men.

My selfe was from *Verona* banish'd,

For practising to steale away a Lady,

And heire and Neece, aliue vnto the Duke.

*2. Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,

Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.

*1. Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these,

But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;

And partly seeing you are beautifide

With goodly shape; and by your owne report,

A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,

As we doe in our quality much want.

*2. Out.* Indeede because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, about the rest, we parley to you:

Are you content to be our Generall?

To make a vertue of necessity,

And liue as we doe in this wildernesse?

*3. Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our confort?

Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:

We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

*1. Out.*

*1. Out.* But if thou scorne our curtisie, thou dyest.

*2. Out.* Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue of.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will liue with you, (fer'd.

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poore passengers.

*3. Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.

Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes;

And show thee all the Treasure we haue got;

Which, with our selues, all rest at thy disposal.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

Enter *Protheus*, *Thurio*, *Julia*, *Hof*, *Musicians*, *Silvia*.

*Pro.* Already haue I bin false to *Valentine*;

And now I must be as vntrue to *Thurio*;

Vnder the colour of commending him, *Protheus* I haue

I haue access to my owne loue to prefer.

But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;

When I protest true loyalty to her,

Shetwits me with my falsehood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vowes,

She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne

In breaking faith with *Julia*, whom I lou'd;

And not withstanding all her todaine quips,

The least whereof would quell a louers hope:

Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue,

The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;

But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,

And giue some euening Musique to her eare.

*Th.* How now, fir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?

*Pro.* I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue

Will creepe in seruice, where it cannot goe.

*Th.* I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.

*Th.* Who, *Silvia*?

*Pro.* I, *Silvia*, for your sake.

*Th.* I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen

Let's tune: and to it lustily a while.

*Ho.* Now, my yong guest; me thinks your allycholly;

I pray you why is it?

*Th.* Marry (mine *Hof*) because I cannot be merry.

*Ho.* Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where

you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that

you ask'd for.

*Th.* But shall I heare him speake.

*Ho.* I that you shall.

*Th.* That will be Musique.

*Ho.* Harke, harke.

*Th.* Is he among these?

*Ho.* I: but peace, let's heare 'em.

*Song.* Who is *Silvia*? what is she?

That all our Swaines commend her?

Holy, faire, and wise is she,

The beauen such grace did lend her;

that she might admired be.

Is she kinde as she is faire?

For beauty liues with kindnesse:

Lone doth to her eyes repaire,

To helpe him of his blindnesse:

To helpe him of his blindnesse:

To helpe him of his blindnesse:

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To helpe him of his blindnesse:

To helpe him of his blindnesse:

To helpe him of his blindnesse:

And being help'd, inhabits there,  
Then to *Silvia*, let vs sing,  
That *Silvia* is excell'g;  
She excels each mortall thing  
Vpon the dust earth dwelling.  
To her let vs Garlands bring.

*Ho.* How now? are you sadder then you were before;  
How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.

*Th.* You mistake: the Musician likes me not.

*Ho.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Th.* He plaies false (father.)

*Ho.* How, out of tune on the strings?

*Th.* Not so: but yet

So false that he grieues my very heart-strings.

*Ho.* You haue a quicke eare.

*Th.* I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a slow

*Ho.* I perceiue you delight not in Musique.

*Th.* Not so: but yet

*Ho.* Harke, what fine change is in the Musique;

*Th.* I: that change is the spight.

*Ho.* You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.

*Th.* I would alwaies haue one play but one thing;

But *Hof*, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,

Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?

*Ho.* I tell you what *Lance* his man told me;

He lou'd her out of all nicke.

*Th.* Where is *Lance*?

*Ho.* Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his

Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his

Lady.

*Th.* Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so pleade,

That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

*Th.* Where meete we?

*Pro.* At Saint *Gregories* well.

*Th.* Farewell.

*Pro.* Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship.

*Sil.* I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)

Who is that that spake?

*Pro.* One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,

You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir *Protheus*, as I take it,

*Pro.* Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant,

*Sil.* What's your will?

*Pro.* That I may compasse yours.

*Sil.* You haue your wish: my will is euen this,

That presently you hie you home to bed:

Thou subtil, periur'd, false, disloyall man:

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitelesse,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?

Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:

For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)

I am so farre from granting thy request,

That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;

And by and by intend to chide my selfe,

Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,

But she is dead.

*Th.* 'Twere false, if I should speake it;

For I am sure she is not buried.

*Sil.* Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend

Suruiues; to whom (thy selfe art witness)

I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd

To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

*Pro.*